Volume LIX CHICAGO, APRIL 4, 1907 Number 5

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Christ and the Rich Young Man by Hoffman.
(*See page 70.*)

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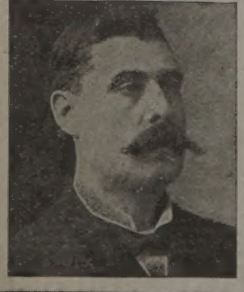

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VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907 NUMBER 5

MY ARIZONA BEDROOM.

Oh, my Arizona bedroom
  Is beneath the Milky Way,
And the moon is in the ceiling,
  And the star that tells of day.
And the mountains make the corners,
  And the desert lays the floor
Of my Arizona bedroom
  Which is large as all outdoor.

Oh, my Arizona bedroom
  Is ventilated right;
Every wind that's under heaven
  Comes to me with blithe good-night;
Comes to me with touch of blessing
  And of ozone, one drink more,
In my Arizona bedroom
  Which is large as all outdoor.

Oh, my Arizona bedroom
  Has the lightning on its wall,
And the thunders rap the panels
  And their heavy voices call;
And the night birds wing above me,
  And the owl hoots galore
Through my Arizona bedroom
  Which is large as all outdoor.

Oh, my Arizona bedroom
  It sometimes seems to me,
Is afloat in middle heaven
  With each star in argosy;
And the tide that turns at midnight
  Drifts us down to morning's shore,
Floats us, stars and bed and bedstead,
  On the ocean of outdoor.

Oh, my Arizona bedroom
  Is beneath the splendid stars,
And the clouds roll up the curtains,
  And the windows have no bars,
And I see my God in heaven
  As the ancient did of yore,
In my Arizona bedroom
  Which is large as all outdoor.

—*J. Wm. Lloyd.*

The *American Journal of Theology* for January finds a contributor, in the person of A. Albertina Forest, with sufficient clearness of vision and independence of spirit to argue that the familiar cry of "Back to Christ!" is unscientific and in defiance to the law of evolution. No great soul deals in finalities. "Greater things than these can ye do," is the climax of every great soul's deliverance. Not the conclusions but the attitudes, not the statements of his convictions but the tendency of his mind, the movement of his spirit, made him "Master." Discipleship consists not in harking back but in pushing forward.

It is hard to think of the author of "Baby Bell" and "Margary Daw" as having crossed the divide. Indeed, it was a shock to be reminded that he was a contemporary of Lowell and Holmes and Longfellow. We never thought of him as old. Neither is it easy to think of this father of dainty brain children as also the successful editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from '82-'91, during which period it is said "the *Atlantic Monthly* won its international reputation." Like Whittier, Aldrich missed the training of the college and received his discipline in the editorial sanctum. In the main he used the engraver's tool and not the sculptor's chisel. Such delicacy of line could not be cut deep. But who in this hour of his going will venture to say which gift is the more precious? Anyhow, a potent life is that which gives so much innocent pleasure and pure delight.

The recent movement of the English Parliament looking towards the prohibiting of the sale of the unrevised early editions of the writings of Ruskin, Darwin, Herbert Spencer and others is an interesting one. The fact that these writings have outlived the copyright law offers great temptation to the publishers who can tempt the unwary reader with cheap editions. But it is manifest justice to the authors themselves who were conscientious enough to be diligent revisers of their own work and unflinching critics of their own theories. Here are two conclusive evidences of greatness: 1, A market for their works that has outreached the copyright law, which is long enough to wait upon the great multitude of would-be "authors" to their graves; 2, A virility of conscience and fertility of mind that to the end of life made them revisers of their own work. Blessed are the children of enlarging vision. Perhaps the crowning test of sainthood is the power to say, "I was mistaken; I have changed my views."

The *Biblical World* for March is, like its predecessors, attractive in form and noble in substance. The editorial on "What is the Historical Study of the Bible?" in five compacted pages, contains the gist of the contention of the higher criticism in convincing clearness. "That the thought of the writer of scripture is the meaning of scripture," this sentence happily states the whole contention. The "allegorical interpreter," the "double meaning," the "two-fold or three-

fold sense," the "concealed dogma," and "unconscious purpose" vanish in the presence of this test. The editorial further states: "Lexicon and grammar, even when reasonably perfect, are after all inadequate tools of interpretation. To understand a book one must read it in the atmosphere in which it was produced; must know the situation that gave it birth; the ends it was intended to accomplish; the counter influences it was designed to oppose." To arrive at these conclusions one must obviously go beyond the chapter and verse commentaries of the old school. It is as helps in this direction such works as Mann's "Great Literature" become indispensable and such thumb-nail "Introductions" as have been prepared by the Bible Classes of the Abraham Lincoln Centre a timely contribution and convenient help. Both of these works are conspicuous in the current advertisement of UNITY.

The *Outlook* has gone into the president-making business. John Callan O'Laughlin in last week's issue discussed the republican possibilities and finds an "embarrassment of riches." A republican is at hand, according to this journalist, to suit any tests or whims of the republican party, and he calls the roll of such possibilities with success. And still it is true that there is great dearth of inspiring leadership in American life today; plenty of sagacious advocates of economic and political schemes, but a scarcity of men whose appeal is to the ideal and who have power to quicken conscience and to summon the American people to a battle of principles; to a fight against wrongs; a rally around the standards of justice; the racial wrongs, the cumulating indifference to the rights of the black man; indeed, a far-reaching reaction looking towards the denial of such rights. The never-ending struggle against the curse of inebriety and the attendant extravagances and dissipations of society; the continuous debauching of public office; the suspension if not the disintegration of civil service reform; the bewildering increase of the spirit of commercialism; the mountainous aggregations of finance; to the confusion if not to the stultification of conscience, are problems which neither of the great political parties of today are facing with the single-mindedness that will satisfy the conscience of the earnest voter, create and quicken the same in the apathetic voter. This early in the presidential forecast we see but four men of national prominence on the horizon who have proven themselves capable of arousing ethical earnestness, of appealing to the ideal in American politics,—Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Robert L. La Follette and Joseph W. Folk. The first named still declares himself out of the race, and the writer in the *Outlook* believes that the President not only means what he says, but knows what he says, and that he is immovable. That there is uncalculating courage enough in either party to select their nominees from the remaining names or their equivalents is very doubtful. Of sagacious men we have a plenty, but the United States cries out for a prophet, a patriot, of the type of Charles Sumner, George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, not to venture the more triumphant ones in American history whose names and fame have become household words and beacon lights to the young.

UNITY'S pages will be made up before the assured counting of the Chicago elections will be in. Our readers will know the result when this "on the eve of election note" falls under their eyes. It is Monday morning. The papers announce in glaring headlines the closing of the "Whirlwind Campaign." They further proclaim the confident assurances of sweeping success for both parties. Forty-eight hours later it will appear that one or the other of these assurances has been misplaced and Chicago's doom for four years more will be fixed. Our last week's issue shows the perplexity of the present editorial writer. In either case it is a sad alternative. The only clear, unfuddled conscience issues offered to the Chicago voter this year are those offered by the prohibitionist and socialist parties, and we predict a surprisingly large vote on these lines. In the main these voters will represent the most active intelligence if not the most intelligent voters at the polls. These voters have heard a conscience call and are heeding it. Not that other voters will not be conscientious, but they will be compelled to follow a confused leading. Which is more ominous to the republic,—a preëlection "mud-slinging" or a preëlection "white-washing"? We cannot tell. It is sad when for political reasons and campaign purposes untrue charges or trivial defection of a personal character are hurled against a candidate. But it is as sad and perhaps more calamitous when decent men, representatives of home and culture, advocates of sobriety and instituted morality and religion, not only overlook defections in this direction in prominent candidates for themselves, but seek to minimize the same in public speech and campaign propaganda. It is a sad pass when the youths of America have to listen to their fathers apologize for the private habits and public actions in candidates which are far beneath their own standards and which it is their habitual study to save their children from. Can a man be sound as a public servant whose private life makes him a stranger to high issues, great causes, noble philanthropies, heroic reforms? Chicago may well hang its head in shame on the day before election. Whatever the result may be, the campaign has been carried on on low grounds. The appeal has been to low motives. The highest enthusiasm has been generated around the problems of the overworked "strap-hangers." Chicago sadly needs better and more street cars, but this is a poor cry to develop manhood on and to cultivate patriotism with. The heart of the patriot cries out for a cause to suffer for, not a cushioned seat to sit in.

Editorial Wanderings

The Senior is back again after another successful March escape. This time it was a flight into the desert, a glimpse of the mountains, the mines, the cañons, the arroyos and the Indians of Arizona, albeit the journey was a meandering one and the rides a muleback, horseback, mountain stage routes, down several hundred feet in a copper mine, up three hundred feet in a "clip" suspended from a cable, was interspersed with lecturing before woman's clubs, high schools and colleges, some fifteen times in all.

Hamilton College, Lexington, the prosperous woman's end of the University of Kentucky, presented its blooming bouquet of nearly three hundred "Brownies," the girls in modest, comfortable, artistic uniform, revealing the short road to beauty as well as to democracy found by those who escape the idiosyncrasies, extravagances and whimsicalities of a woman's wardrobe, where all the canons of taste and health, economy and modesty, are sacrificed to the one silly passion for uniqueness and conspicuousness of dress.

The journey was broken in Kansas in order to visit the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, an institution that early won for itself a national reputation as a technical college. Here domestic science and manual training were many years ago lifted into academic dignity, while the agricultural end of the school is such as becomes the corn-growing, stock-raising state of Kansas. Here the cows were being successfully milked by machinery and the special demand of the Abraham Lincoln Centre in the way of a domestic science and manual training teacher seemed to find a satisfying supply.

The territorial University of Tucson, the territorial Normal School at Tempé, the high schools at Phoenix, Bisbee and Tombstone, Ariz., Professor Evans' desert school at Mesa, and the splendidly equipped Indian school at Phoenix, all delighted the editorial heart with their evidence of high standards, thorough work and interest in the ideal.

At Lexington, Ky., we found the forces for good rallying around the Library Association, trying to elevate Sunday morals and Sunday practices, and the Editor in that interest found a large Sunday afternoon lecture audience.

At Phoenix the same forces were united in the interest of charity, combining in a common work to ameliorate the terrors of the great white plague, the victims of which are lured hither by the hospitable skies and restoring air.

At Roosevelt we saw the government lending its trained brains and full coffers to the erection of the great Tonti dam that will be 280 feet high and will create a great irrigating lake that will be twenty-four miles long, a mile and a half or two wide, and in some places 300 feet deep.

All these human affairs were minimized or magnified by the unspeakable majesty of the Grand Cañon, as the mental attitude and spiritual temper of the visitor would dictate.

But the things learned or felt in this March escape must wait for further interpretation, if it comes at all, in succeeding numbers of UNITY. Now, we must be content with expressing the delight felt over the efficient way in which all things went on at the Lincoln Centre. UNITY, the mechanism of the Centre, the life of the church, went on apace and came to happy if not triumphant Easter culminations. And the thanks of the Editor as well as the readers are hereby tendered to the faithful who kept the wheels a-going.

April

Oh, met ye April on your way—
And was she grave or was she gay—
Saw ye a primrose chaplet fair—
Upon her tangled, wind tossed hair?

And had she on a kirtle green,
The sweetest robe was ever seen?
Oh! met ye April on your way,
With eyes like dove's breast meek and gray?

Yes, I met April on my way,
Part morrow and part yesterday—
And she went laughing, she was sad—
Wayward and pensive, grave and glad.

The fluttering fabric of her gown—
Was emerald green, in shadow brown,
Soft gray as dove's breast were her eyes,
And bluest blue of summer skies!

Light fell her step upon the grass,
As though a faery queen did pass;
Her hands were cold yet full of flowers,
Her loose hair wet with pattering showers!

Strung daisies for a girdle white
Were wound about her bosom slight—
Yes, I met April on my way,
And swift she stole my heart today!

—*Edith C. M. Dart.*

Lyrics Unsung

Oh, believe not those who say
Song hath had its Perfect Day!
Tones of infinite sweet change
Tremble past our hearing's range;
Rays beyond the violet
Eyes of ours behold not yet!
Here a gage will I throw down—
We are not the ages' crown:
After us are coming those
To whose senses shall unclose
Beauty hidden from our sight
In a fold of common light—
Music, shut in Eol's cell,
Sweeter far than Arion's shell
Touched to soothe the savage sea!

Who will answer this to me,
When I ask if any deem
That the poet's song and dream
Have not beaches unexplored—
Deeps unsounded—heights unsoared?
Nay! To every race and tongue
There are lyrics yet unsung!
For this life of man keeps pace
To a Mighty Step in space;
And the mists that round us drift
Ever more and more uplift!
Oh, the Father still creates;
And the child in wonder waits,
Ready, new delights to find
Where, before, the eyes were blind—
Where, before, the ears were dead!
So, I say, as I have said:
There are lyrics yet unsung—
Unto harps as yet not strung.

—*Edith Thomas in The Outlook.*

THE PULPIT

The Sorrows of the Prosperous; or, the Rich Young Man of the Parable. Studied in the Light of Hoffman's Picture

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, FEBRUARY 24, 1907.

And Jesus looking upon him, loved him, and said unto him, one thing thou lackest; go sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor. . . . But his countenance fell at the saying and he went away sorrowful, for he was one that had great possessions.—*Mark 10:21-22.*

It is easy to over-estimate the ethical value of art. ciated from ethics, has led to extravagance, indul- Art taken alone, pursued for its own ends, art disassogences, effeminancy. The historian is compelled to recognize that often the ascendant periods in the history of art have marked the decadent period in morals. The Corinthian column represents the highest elaboration of classic art, but Corinth represents the degeneracy of Greek civilization. So the higher elaborations in Gothic architecture, the elaborated perpendicular work, represents a decadent period in the church. It is significant that the Pope who commanded the services of the greatest artist the world has ever known, all things considered,—Michael Angelo,—was the man who sent Tetzel and his associates to the hills and valleys of Europe selling indulgences, to the disgust of Luther, his revolt and the Reformation. The demoralized church builded the dome of St. Peters, the triumph of architecture that remained unmatched from that day to the close of the nineteenth century. The dome of our own Administration Building in Jackson Park, 1893, was the first to outreach in dimensions and glory the achievements of Angelo.

Art uncurbed by ethics, uninspired by religion, undirected by public spirit, must inevitably always lead to extravagance, conceit and effeminacy, as Ruskin and Tolstoy have so often urged and as facts so conclusively prove. But this should not blind us to the fact that art has been one of the most benignant allies of the gospel. The march of Christianity would have halted and stumbled and been lost altogether in the pools of bloody warfare, the myths of dreary doctrines, had it not been rescued by the hands of the painter, the sculptor, and their fellows. The deeper meaning of the text has often been revealed by the inspired brush. All honor to Augustine, Chrysostom, the Golden Mouth, St. Bernard, and Savorarola. But all these did less to bring to the heart of the modern world the story of the patient, suffering, transfigured life of the Nazarene than did Fra Angelico, Raphael, Da Vinci, Angelo, and their associates. Where would Christianity have been without its Christian art? The masters of theology pale in the presence of the masters of the brush. The agony of the cross, the fathomless depths of yearning in the heart of Mary, which was the heart of woman, the thought of the eternal life and the tireless upreachings of the human soul, are not brought most forcibly to mind by creed, commentary or proceedings of Christian councils, but in the Sistine Chapel, where Angelo and Raphael illuminated motherhood and suggested the mysteries of eternity.

If you would seek the most impressive interpretations of the story of the cross, go to Antwerp and see Rubens' portrayal of the descent therefrom. If you want the most impressive revelation of the divinity of childhood, go to Dresden and study the child in the arms of the divine mother.

Indeed, you need not go there at all. At the nearest art store and out of the slenderest purse you may make a collection of photographs that will be a more helpful commentary on the New Testament story than the ponderous commentaries of Lange or Dr. Adam Clark. The true interpreters of Jesus have been the students of the human heart as it shines through the interpretations of human face divine, rather than the interpreters of dogmas, Hebrew idioms, Greek roots and Latin phrases. The truer interpreters of religion are the poets and the artists. The most effective heralds of the ideal are the prophets of the beautiful who have escaped sectarian fetters, national prejudices and age limitations. To those, at least, the age of inspiration is not past; the interpreting voice is not silent. The revealing hand is not dead to the gospelers who take counsel of the beautiful. We are never haunted by the thought that Christianity is dead or dying, that the history of the Christ is obsolete, when reading Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier or Browning.

After reading the dismal wails of denominational papers and listening to clamorous appeals to the Christian spirit in Christless accents, one wonders if it is not high time to have done with the canting phrases and the crippling prejudices of Christendom. We can revitalize our faith by visiting the art gallery, where the old masters hold no monopoly of the gospel secrets. There we see that—

When Millet rings his Angelus bells the most heretical bows his head in company with the devoutest Catholic. When Munkacksy puts Jesus once more in the midst of the howling mob, standing with his hands tied in the iron grasp of a complacent, safe and sound orthodoxy, Jesus takes his proper place once more in our thought and affection at the head of the line of great reformers, the most splendid of Protestants, the world-guiding leader of men.

So may it be with the perplexing parable of the rich young man whom we find in our gospel pages. In this story Christendom has found great inspiration and also much trouble. It has been a warning to many, but also a stumbling-block to many other seekers after the sincere life. To the enraptured devotee it may have been a lamp, brilliant in its guiding power; but to many a "Ruler," as Luke calls this youth, it has been a perplexity which ever and anon lands him in ethical confusion.

Through the centuries many have tried to apply literally the behest of Jesus and have changed prosperity to mendicancy without bettering things. This story has peopled the caves and deserts with men who sought sanctity by the road of poverty; it has filled the byways of Europe with beggars; it has made almsgiving a soul-saving ordinance; it has cast reproach upon prudence, making thrift seem mean; it has seemed to make common cause with beggary and to discount the incentives that have created commerce, promoted industries and patronized the arts.

Certain it is that, without both the incentives and the product of wealth, civilization as we now know it could not have been. Perhaps at no other point of the gospel narrative does the literal, modern orthodox Christian find himself in such a close pinch. It is hard for him to reconcile his hope of Heaven, based on literal obedience to the mandates of his Master, with his scrupulous watchfulness over his bank accounts and his daily diligence in the task of increasing their value. Common sense and human experience in

this latitude and age, as well as social science, prove that literal obedience to the command of Jesus would prove disastrous, not only to the spiritual life of the young man, but unprofitable to the community. If Jesus here lays down a statute of the Kingdom of God, an ordinance of the higher life, he must have preached an impractical, unprofitable doctrine of Oriental simplicity and Asiatic stolidity. He hinted at the virtues of a Bedouin, the political economy of the desert, rather than to a course that leads to the art-enriched, science-crowned Europe, or the free and inspiring hospitality that is the dream of America.

On the other hand, here is a sun-clear principle, a temper of spirit, an unwritten law of life as pervasive as sunlight, as universal in its application in the realms of spirit as gravitation is in the domain of matter. There is a suggestion in the story which points not to the lazy life of the Orient, but to the magnificent civilization, the energetic, striving commonwealth of the Occident. Here is a prophecy of a political economy so far above and beyond us that we would scarcely dare enunciate, still less attempt to realize it. There is something in this story which belongs more to the American prairies than to the semi-tropical valleys of Palestine; something more akin to the steam engine and railroad period of human society than to the era of the camel and the caravan.

To discover this something is the fine problem of modern life. The challenge of the Master comes to the prosperous today as it never did before. It demands that prosperity should strike hands with religion; that the prudences of trade should bloom into joy and disinterestedness; that the economies should know the thrill of prophecy, the burden of poetry, the justifications of science and progress.

Without further introduction, let us seek the inner heart of this parable of Christ and the rich young man through the help of the illuminating hand of Henrich Hoffman,* who was born in Dormstadt on the 19th of March, 1824, and who, I believe, still lives and works in Dresden. After an ample training at the various art centers of Europe, he has devoted the last years of his life to devout study and prayerful interpretation of Gospel scenes and spirits. He has painted the boy Christ amid the doctors in the temple, the preacher by the lakeside, and many another scene that touches the gospel narrative with beauty and makes of its sentences arrows winged with truth.

Let me read my text once more and then turn from the printed page to the picture:

"And Jesus looking upon him, loved him, and said unto him, one thing thou lackest; go sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor. . . . But his countenance fell at the saying and he went away sorrowful, for he was one that had great possessions."

Had I time and skill, it would be pleasing to dwell on the admirable execution, the graceful lines, simple and wonderful, but that is not my object this morning. There are three types of character, representing three tendencies in society, three elements in the state, three potencies in each and all of our lives, represented in this picture.

First, the rich young man, the product of prosperity. Face and raiment show him to be the child of respectability, culture, refinement, grace. He is no vulgar product of purse-proud wealth; here is no florid extravagance, no bloated indulgence; here is a face unstained by passion, reflecting a mind matured by travel, a heart unsullied by crime, one who justifies the record. He said, without boast, "I have observed the Commandments from my youth up," and still there is neither happiness nor power in the face. Unrest, the yearning for something more and better, has driven him to the peasant preacher, the Nazarene peasant, the reformer who has come down from the rural district in a northern colony, and in unstudied phrase he seeks to know more of this "*eternal life*" of which the Master is talking,—eternal, not everlasting; intensive, not prolonged life; something worth while, not mere perpetuation. You can well imagine that just around the corner stands his chariot with his liveried escort. We cannot help loving him with Jesus. To us he is a more familiar figure than he was to Jesus; he is no stranger to the streets of Chicago; he is the product of prosperity, the child of well-earned and well-used leisure; a well-housed, well-clothed and well-behaved youth, whose lips are not stained with profane phrases and harsh words. He pays his debts and tells the truth; his taxes pave the streets, construct fountains, and perchance his contributions support synagogues and build art galleries; his home is furnished with the fences to virtue, helps to mind and body. In short, he is an admirable young man, the possessor of many admirable things; he is doubtless beloved as well as lovable.

2. Look now at the other side of the picture, on the representatives of a class less attractive, far more numerous, not so easily studied. In the city, at least, it is hard for many people to disassociate the thought of the poor from either the thought of the vicious or the inefficient. Much poverty is the legitimate child of crime. It is hard in this commercial age not to assume that there is a logical connection between poverty and immorality. How promptly springs to the lips of all the comfortable in the presence of any and every case of adult want, the phrase, "There is something wrong with that fellow or it would not be so. There is no occasion for such dependency in these days." Is this verdict necessarily true? Is every poor man thus because he is lazy, intemperate or vicious? Are all straitened women, who know not where the necessary minimum of food and clothing are to come from, brought to this dire pass by extravagance or wilful disobedience to the conditions of prosperity? That there are many such poor goes without the saying. The last thing such need is alms. But after turning over into the hands of a severe social science all the poor who deserve their poverty, all the miserable who have bargained for their misery, there still remain the cripple caught in the cogs of the social wheels; the sick man, smitten with the pestilence that has swept across the sea; the woman's face haunted with a misery as far from vice as heaven is from hell, whose peerless boy has withered under the blighting touch of the same sea-wide pestilence; perchance the furious fumes oozed out of the bowels of the earth into the shaft of the mine in which her bread-winning husband toiled with loving loyalty, a portion of whose toil was converted into the gold and the silver that broider the young man's cloak. Look at the face of that sick man. It is not the face of a bad man, and there are thousands like him in dire extremity in prosperous America today. Once that smitten man walked erect with elastic step. It was his pleasure to trim the vines that would yield the vintage to make happy the home nest into which innocent children were born. But perchance the early rains brought rheumatism and summer droughts brought fever. That man in the picture represents a misery that is not accounted for by the statistics of vice or the imprudences of the careless. The young man with the embroidered mantle

"Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all our fancy yet."

*See frontispiece.

and the silken cap might have needed the crutch and his back might have been naked had he been born among the barren hills of Magdala instead of upon the fertile plains of Esdraelon. He might now be driving camels on the way to Damascus for a pitiable coin a week, like the sons of those poor unfortunates, if his grandfather had not abandoned the vines and the sheep and made money through his Syrian peddlers by a series of successful speculations.

Look well at the faces in the shadow. They might well be taken for the faces of Joseph and Mary, the progenitors of the Jesus of history. Should the clouds be lifted, the sunshine strike their faces, they, too, would be beautiful and lovable.

After all is said and done, these figures in the shadow enforce the truth that all poverty is not the result of sin, as all prosperity is not necessarily a credit. Certainly dependency and the suffering and debility connected therewith are not necessarily criminal. Some bad men are poor, made so by their wickedness; but some men are poor because they are too good to be anything else.

Look at the pictures in the shadow and then remember that the young man who will call at your office tomorrow with timid heart, asking for something to do, is not necessarily a vagabond or a tramp, though you may have had such to deal with. Because you have been deceived or disappointed ninety-nine times is no reason why you should outrage your own soul, making the world harder for all virtue to grow in, by brutally dismissing the worthy hundredth as a fraud also.

Our artist has spent most of his life in Dresden. Dresden stands out as the richest of all European cities in the one fact that it owns Raphael's Sistine Madonna, the most marvelous of pictures. Artists tell us the most marvelous thing about the picture is the wonderful eyes, the liquid depths of which reveal the unfathomable mysteries of the soul, the never-failing fountain of the spirit, suggesting life unconditioned by time and space. We are told that artists have tried in vain to catch the secret of Raphael and reproduce in some way the eyes of the mother and child. Hoffman seems to have approached nearer to the Raphael secret than any other artist. You will recall the eyes of the boy among the doctors; and even the camera has been able to catch something in the eyes of this poor woman in the shadow holding the head of her sick husband that suggests the eyes of Raphael's Queen of Heaven, except that these eyes are clouded with grief and draped in suffering. Men looking into the eyes of the mother proudly holding aloft her child have detected the joy and the poetry, the ecstasy of maternity. Looking as intently into the eyes of this beggar woman of Hoffman's, we may read something of the awful burden of poverty; the sad, sad hunger of the heart that is starved for want of the intangible luxuries of a home fireside. "The poor ye have ever with you," said Jesus.

Believe me, friends, there is innocent suffering in the world; there is guiltless misery; there are "prisoners of poverty," to borrow Helen Campbell's expressive phrase, who ever stand in the outer court deserving more than they get, needing that which they do not ask for,—the appreciation and coöperation of an irresponsive world.

3. Let us now look at the third figure. Between the favored child of good fortune with the good breeding attendant thereon, and these luckless children of want and woe stands the illuminated figure allied to both. Let us study that figure. He, too, is a *gentle*-man. His face is refined by thought, illuminated by spirit. However it may be with the genealogies that lead to David's throne, here is evidence of a royal lineage; there is an aggressive outflow in face and eyes, a magnificent energy in the sweep of the hands, that is missing in the downcast eyes and marble lips of the interesting youth. To use the terms of science, there is the light of altruism, the love of others in the one face; the suppression of egoism, the concern of self in the other. But to use the larger words of religion, one face is radiant with love; the other, though carved in beauty, lacks that radiance, and the face is left sorrowful.

We cannot help going back of these faces and studying the characters they suggest. The youth has sought to avoid the ills of life; he has successfully escaped disagreeable things,—poverty, disease, crime; the other has sought to cure the ills of other lives; he has been busy in ameliorating the woes of the world; he has a vision of a redeemed community, a renovated state; he has no ills of his own, for he lives above them. One is anxious for himself; the other is not conscious of self. The one has sought to perfect himself; the other labors for a perfect world. One kneels and says, "Good teacher, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" The other sees the poor and hears the cry of the afflicted. The one has seen the beauty in art and architecture; has known the delights of song and poetry; loves the great and abhors the low, and, perforce, disdains the common. How could it be otherwise, for he mingles with the exceptional, is familiar with the extraordinary? The other has caught the love glint in lowly eyes, discovered poetry in peasant hearts, heard music in children's voices, and found God in things near. The one must needs sleep on downy couch, bathe in perfumed waters, eat from silver bowls, for he has refined tastes; he is "made that way;" these are his "necessities;" the other hath no place whereon to lay his head; he dines on the uncooked corn plucked from unharvested fields; he is "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" and still, summer is in his countenance, while winter haunts the face of the other.

Here the artist has helped us to a conception of the divine man, the human Christ, the child of Mary and Joseph, the connecting link between imbecile poverty and imbecile wealth. Which is the more helpless, the beggars in the shed where cattle are tended, or this young prince, with his embroidered mantle? Surely, we must feel that the hungry stomach in the shed is neither so hopeless nor so terrible as the hungry heart for whom a chariot waits!

Let us bring this gospel story down to date. Hoffman is a modern artist; he has preached a modern sermon to modern people from this venerable text. There is no salvation in respectability, no joy in unconsecrated wealth, no power in unillumined culture. The self-seeking globe-trotter returns weaker than when he went, more foolish than when he started. There is a point promptly reached beyond which mere privileges refuse to develop the human soul. Not money, but the selfishness that is symbolized by it, and oftentimes developed in the acquiring of it, is "the root of all evil." The most hopeless of crimes, one might almost say the only crime, is selfishness. Mistakes of judgment, bursts of passion bring woe, but so long as there is love in the heart and the power of sacrifice for others is left, crime carries its own correctives. Such crimes ring their own bells of alarm.

The Spartans used to let a drunken man loose on the streets when they would teach their youths tem-

perance. But selfishness is an evil so deep that it is not self-revealing; he who runs may not read the stolidity within the unfruitfulness of the anxious, self-soliciting heart. I know of no greater menace to society than that which is represented by unutilized, unilluminated capital, capital uninvested in the interest of progress and unrelated to religion. It matters not whether this be a wealth of head, of purpose or of purse. Accumulated knowledge hoarded in pride and for self-advancement is, to say the least, as dangerous as accumulated dollars thus guarded. The most miserable soul in this picture is doubtless found in the best dressed and best fed body, that of the best informed man, the most cultivated, to use the modern phrase.

The same thing is exactly true out of the picture. Better the misery of a sick bed, aye, of the poor house, with love in the heart, than the luxuries of the best house on the avenue, with wayward fancies, selfish anxieties, and a hand that clutches the money-bags in the presence of community interests, civic needs, and the social joys that wait on coöperation.

In speaking of love, I do not mean the little pinching love that cossets poodle dogs or indulges puny children into sickly self-consciousness and blighting selfishness, that jealously guards them from the only contact that will make life strong and efficient,—and there is no nobleness possible to the favored soul without efficiency. I do not mean that little larger self-love that is so tender of wife, so solicitous for one's own posterity that there is no time, no room or means for the great-hearted purposes that sweep humanity in their embrace, for the splendid passion for public weal and for the health of the less favored that will lead one to convert what is his into what is theirs; that will compel him, not through sacrifice, but through service, to apply his resources of purse and mind to the task of correcting the aberrations of the world that is not yet humanized, to improve the providence that is not yet fully providential.

We cannot look at Hoffman's rich young man without feeling that here is a case of arrested development; he has stopped growing before he is finished; the self-perfected is always left full of painful imperfections.

This world is not yet finished; God is not through with it; he waits for and needs the rich man's money to help it out in many directions; he waits for and needs your thought and mine; he needs our love to piece out his bounty, to bridge the streams that divide, to tunnel the hills that separate.

To bring this picture down to date is to see that the mission of philanthropy, the state, the church, religion itself, is to bring these two hungers together, lead them to pool their earnings that they may thereby dissipate one another's woes. Bring these two hungers together and all will be happier and stronger.

Oh, young man, thou doest well who seekest eternal life; thou doest not well when thou goest away sorrowing, for thou art still smitten with the paralysis of plenty. Go find your soul, the peace of love, the wealth that comes from sharing, the triumphant strength of disinterestedness.

Some years ago a public spirited man, a man of generous wealth, said of another, "Unless he can be induced to begin to give, he soon will be a miserable man. It will go hard at first, but he will come to enjoy it after awhile. At the present time he is growing more unhappy every day." This far my friend was true to psychology and to experience. I am not prepared to vouch for the accuracy of the next inference, "If he learns to give, he will make more money." My friend proceeded, "There is Mr. B.; ten years ago I used to know him as the meanest and stingiest man in trade, making lots of money, growing very unhappy, until at last somebody got a hitch on him and he gave five thousand dollars to a good cause. It hurt him like sixty. He felt bad about it (the Bible phrase would have been 'He went away sorrowing'), but it did him good. After he began to give, he had to keep at it to keep up his reputation, until at last he grew to be a splendid fellow. He is a happy, useful, prosperous man today."

I will not stand for the soundness of the political economy of my friend, but no one can look on this picture, or look out into society, with its misery, without discovering the soundness of the central affirmation. There is no joy, no peace to the soul here, or salvation hereafter, that has not bridged the chasm between the accumulations of self-culture and the manifold needs of the world. The distance between the misery of the outer porch and the agony of the carriage is bridged by the loving heart. Here is no dogma, creed or sacrament; just a gesture of the hands, a suggestion of the heart, a look in the eye, and the word of salvation is made clear.

Hoffman in this picture has painted no supernatural savior of the world; he has given us something better,—a sublime human face, a transfigured man. The Gospel of Love is no supernatural revelation; it is a natural necessity, the inevitable outcome of human life in its best estate. Probably Herbert Spencer was the most efficient interpreter of the Gospel of Jesus in the last century. The world is not wont to think of him as a disciple of the Christ. But on lines very different from those of the carpenter's son, he reached the same high bridge of love and disinterestedness, the bridge of a truism over which individuals and nations must pass into the fulness of life.

Let not the young man in the picture try to escape the searching glance of the Master by the too current escape of modern times,—"It is good in theory but it won't work in practice." Young man, this is a tremendous assumption. How dare you pronounce as false the dictates of the higher life? Who dare call that false logic which is prophetic wisdom? Before you are lured by this easy escape through the side door of the practical you must face the question, How successful is the other plan? How well have the methods of selfishness succeeded, either in your own life or in that of the nation?

Oh, soul, are you so much happier today than you were before you had the big house, the silk dress, the soft upholstery or the college diploma? Has your happiness increased with the increase of your acquiring power, unless this increase of power was accompanied by an increase in your dispensing power? Is the absorbing anxiety to keep your own family from the poor-house, even though other families must needs go in rags, so satisfying? Is the silver spoon such a talisman to the baby? Will it ward off disease and dishonor? Is the young man of the large money inheritance so much surer of being a success in any sense of the word than the young man who inherits a passion for usefulness, who heeds the call to duty? Is the well-dowered daughter so much more safely married than the girl clothed with enthusiasm, draped in usefulness and enkindled with generosity?

I would not weaken Hoffman's commentary by presuming to interpret it in detail. These must be studied by each individual soul. But the central lesson of this picture stands forth in its gospel power in the might

chilly and destructive and wholly uncongenial. Uni- of Jesus's word, and in the unquestioned endorsement of history and experience. Love is the law of eternal life, and this law must be the law of the state. The law of faith alone will suffice as the adequate law of human conduct, of man in his social relations.

I will not waste time in discussing the words of Jesus. It is sufficient to insist that in the light of nineteen Christian centuries we know that the law of love leads not to mendicancy or asceticism but to refinement, to art, to power, aye, in the fulness of time, to luxury; for we live in a luxurious universe. The resources of nature are abundant; there is plenty to go around, when we all play fair; there is plenty to make all comfortable except those who by their sins bargain for discomfort. Whenever the young man on the right will cross over to the unfortunates on the left, take their hands and look into their eyes and say, "Brother and sister, you are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; come, we will spell out this problem of life together," then will the woes of both vanish.

James Freeman Clarke used to humorously explain the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand by saying that it was brought about by the example of those who had the five loaves and two fishes when they generously offered to divide. This shamed the others so that they all brought out of their private lunch boxes that which had been provided for their individual uses, and lo! the extemporized picnic proved that there was plenty to go around and twelve baskets-ful to spare.

This is abundantly true in the economic as well as in the intellectual and spiritual world today. We may fail when we undertake to embody this principle in legal enactments, but we are sure that in politics, as in the individual life, self-seeking is an enemy to the state and a menace to society. Love must interpose and save the victims of selfishness from themselves. Selfishness is coming to be regarded as the most heinous of crimes, perhaps the unpardonable sin. The higher paradox is always verified,—that is ours only when we give it; that wealth is most personal that is held for common weal; we help ourselves along most when we help the world along, for we must all needs ride through this world in the omnibus; there are no private coaches to bear the soul to death and to glory.

The young man in the picture is beautifully draped; his is an elegant cloak; I wish we might see it in the gorgeous color of the canvas. But its beauty would be enhanced were it thrown across the shoulders of the sick man on the other side of the picture, and the beautiful paradox, which has been proved over and over again in life, would have been proved once more, that the mantle will warm the owner most when it is on the sick man's shoulder. Hasten, young man, to wrap it around the naked form of the smitten brother and your quest will be rewarded, your question answered; your soul will taste the eternal life; your face will partake of the radiance of the Master; the old epitaph will have been verified,—"What I saved, I have lost; what I gave, I have."

There is inspiration, culture, refinement, in the outgoing of the soul that no ingathering of greed and selfishness can ever bring.

This is a fitting picture for church walls, but it is still more fitting for the counting room. Happy is the man who confronts this picture every morning, face to face, as he opens his desk for business. I will not vouch for the increase of his capital, but he cannot fail who is in league with the Almighty who heeds the skill of nature. Failure cannot come to such a man until the heavens fall and the stars disappoint. The law of love must succeed here on earth among men as its counterpart, the law of gravitation, succeeds in holding the stars to their courses. It is the law for Monday as for Sunday; the law for work as for prayer; the ritual of the counting room as of the altar.

"He with good gifts that most is blest,
Or stands for God above the rest,
Let him so think: 'To serve the dear,
The lowlier children I am here.'

"It is the children's bread I break;
He trusts me with it for their sake;
(Hunger I must if none it shares)
It is but mine when it is theirs.

"That which I teach, it most is mine,
Dear child of God, to make it thine,
When thou hast learned it, I shall see
The perfect meaning first in thee.

"That song I made, it was not mine,
Nor fraught with incense for the shrine,
Till, when thou sang'st it sweetly through,
I with thy voice sang praises, too."

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Correspondence

Dear UNITY: As an editorial contributor, who likes to see a fair approximation to truth in the statements that appear in your columns, I must ask for space to comment briefly on two recent attempts to set forth, in addresses delivered at the Outlook Conference and printed in your Congress of Religion columns, the difference between Unitarianism and Liberal Orthodoxy. The papers were by Dr. D. T. Denman and Rev. M. W. Darling, and for the most part they impress one as kindly conceived and justly meant. But some of the assertions call for a reply, lest silence on the Unitarian side should be by any construed to mean assent, or still worse, indifference.

The paragraph which moves me to write is the following, from Mr. Darling's address:

> Unitarianism is *critical*, it is *cold*, it is *iconoclastic*, it is, to use an expressive word, a "knocker." It deals in negatives; it is destructive, not constructive. It had to be destructive at first. It has performed a good office in being destructive. And now it cannot change its leopard spots, however hard, here and there, a few Unitarians may try to do it. Only knockers like knockers, and as birds of a feather flock together, the Unitarian congregations become knockers. But as a whole, people do not like knockers, and they will not listen to them long whenever they may hear them: in the church or in the market places.

I am sorry that the speaker permitted himself to apply a cheap vulgarism like the word "knocker" to any serious body of people. But discussing the matter in the manner that has been chosen, I should like to admit, and with great joy, the opening terms of the indictment. Unitarianism *is* critical; it *is* iconoclastic; it *is*, if you will, cold. Theological sham and emotional pretense and ritual trappings and empty professions without practice have always found it

*It was hoped some Unitarian would take up this address and reply to it—not for the purpose of controversy, but in order that it might be clearly seen just what misconceptions of Unitarianism are entertained and what it has to say for itself.—*C. A. O.*

the counsels of the universe, for his heart is aglow with the light of the sun; his fingers are deft with tarianism is a passionate search for reality; in that it is at one with the distinctively modern spirit. It is, in fact, the modern spirit applied to religion,—nothing less or more.

But when the speaker goes on, in the time-honored way, to say that Unitarianism "deals in negatives; it is destructive, not constructive," he seems to one who knows Unitarianism from the inside to take his eye off the subject and to go off into a flight of rhetoric. For what can be more obvious than that anything which is destructive cannot be constructive! Of course. And so the speakers go on mouthing the sanctified antithesis and promulgating the ancient untruth. Earthquake and fire are destructive, and therefore San Francisco can never rise from its ash-covered ruins a nobler and more beautiful city! Why, it is like the multiplication table; it simply must be so, only it doesn't follow.

But let us be serious and try, if we can, to avoid the imputation of *knocking*. "As a whole," we are told, "people do not like knockers." It is surely true. Look into the twenty-third chapter of Matthew and you will find there a series of utterances that, but for the sacrilege of it, you might think were "knocking" of the hardest kind. "Hypocrites," "offspring of vipers," "whited sepulchres,"—certainly these are not expressions that would have commended the speaker to the platform of the Congress of Religion. And when words had failed to do enough, there came blows. The sellers of doves in the temple and the changers of money,—all honorable men!—felt the sting of a lash on their shoulders and saw their profits for that day strewn far over the pavement. Of course they didn't like it. They would not listen long, as Mr. Darling truly tells us. The reaction of Pharisee and Sadducee was sharp, and we might even say, destructive. The critical, the iconoclastic Jesus,—not cold, but burning with the true religion which their pious coldness grossly profaned,—was not acceptable, and they soon disposed of him. Well, it was the knell of the system that needed such a defense. The end, however, is not yet. The knell was sounded then, and ever since the destructive process has gone on, more persistently for the last three hundred years. But the old fabric is still almost intact. The religion of form and of profession and of pretense is in great force among us and will be, so far as one can see ahead. Why cannot good men join in battering away at that, wherever found, instead of at each other?

The Unitarians are statistically a feeble folk, chiefly for the reason that many thousands of them, who like for business or social reasons to wear a more popular label, refuse to be counted. Even the few thousands who come out into the open, hate to say much about their peculiarities of belief. So, for the most part, they have stood together and worked on in silence under criticism for nearly a hundred years. They are human, however, and now and then answer back.

One of them would like to put Mr. Darling under a brief examination, somewhat as follows: Did you ever know *one* Unitarian minister intimately and personally, so that you felt the real spirit of the man? Was it coldly critical and destructively iconoclastic and nothing more? If so, I wish you would send me his name, for in a long and wide knowledge of Unitarian ministers I have never found such a man. How long did you ever live in a town or city where there was a live Unitarian church? I assume, from your confident statements, that you must have attended such a church many times, to be prepared to speak from actual knowledge, and not mere hearsay or belated encyclopedia information, about the present temper of Unitarianism. Was the church that you knew so well, and on whose deficiencies your present statements are based, in the West or in the East? Did you ever personally and for any length of time come in close touch with Boston Unitarianism, that on whose "pale negations" Emerson won orthodox canonization by once dwelling? Do you know anything of its strong spiritual life, issuing out in noble charity and widespread human service, not now only, but in an unbroken line since Channing's day? Do you know our Unitarian college town preachers, and are they preaching mere iconoclasm and negation to the young men and women who hear him gladly? Do you know Unitarianism in Cleveland, or Cincinnati, or Louisville, or Des Moines, or St. Louis, or Chicago?

But perhaps this is more than enough. Dr. Denman deserves just one query, for his assertion that "Unitarianism was a revolt against something . . . spent much of the time and energy in protests . . . necessarily made the outlines of its creeds harsh and severe." Doctor, where did you ever see a Unitarian creed, either harsh or otherwise? I know you have read Unitarian sermons. But let me say, in confidence, that Unitarian ministers take each other's doctrinal definitions—and even their own, after they are more than a week old—with a grain of salt. As to creeds, someone tried once to persuade a Unitarian Conference to adopt one, but he was laughed out of the hall and no one has repeated the experiment.

Brethren, there is something in what you say! Unitarians, like all other men, have the defects of their qualities. When they are by themselves they speak with longing of the more practical methods and the more conspicuous successes of some men and churches around them. They really honor the orthodox name, and still more the orthodox devotion and spirituality. Many of them have been orthodox themselves, and so know what it is like. But they also know that, in spite of smaller numbers and popular dislike, they have found something richer and better and more spiritually satisfying where they are. That is why they don't go back. Most of them can attend church for months at a time without hearing a word of simply destructive criticism, or anything but purely constructive preaching of a more ideal personal life and a more perfect human brotherhood. There are, indeed, gladiators among us who bear the marks of ancient conflict, and sometimes still have fight in their eye. But they are domestically the most harmless of men, as a long and peaceable experience in their own household of faith amply demonstrates.

Dear critics and iconoclasts of the Outlook Conference, we are doing the same work as yourselves, and it would sometimes be a comfort to us if you could find it out. We do not ask you to confess it before men. That would be too much, as yet, to expect. But at least don't ring the changes any more on negation, destruction and revolt until you see how completely among us all that kind of death has been swallowed up in victory. And don't come back on me and say that I am exceptional. I am not! All the others are just like me underneath; they only *look* a little more or less aggressive, as the case may be. In our own hearts, brethren, let us be friends if not co-workers.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

St. Paul, Minn.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

State and Federal Rights.

It is being freely predicted by not a few Democratic papers and politicians that "State's Rights" will be the paramount issue in 1908. In the March *Reader* magazine are articles by Senator Beveridge and W. J. Bryan giving the two sides of this controversy.

The Wall Street Panic.

According to the *Wall Street Journal* the loss in values in railroad stocks between January 5 and March 14 was equal to the entire cost of the Russian-Japanese War to both nations engaged, and resulted in a redistribution of wealth such as no inheritance or income tax could bring about. And the same paper adds: "What law could squeeze water out of stocks more effectually than the stock market has done since January 5?" Apparently there is some justice in the universe yet!

The Saloon Must Go.

A remarkable warning to the saloon is voiced in an editorial of *Bonforts' Wine and Spirit Circular* (New York). The tremendous success of the Anti-Saloon League in many states teaches a two-fold truth: The saloon has ceased its arrogance and dictatorial policy in the face of this new organization. Second, when the religious forces of the country throw aside sectarianism and unite on any crusade of righteousness, they will win! We quote from the above editorial: "If there is one thing that seems settled beyond question it is that the retail liquor trade of this country must either mend its ways materially or be prohibited in all places save the business or tenderloin precincts of our larger cities. If the Anti-Saloon League can maintain its present organization it looks as if it will certainly destroy the legalized saloon in all of the southern states, excepting perhaps in Missouri, and it is certainly making strong headway in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other western and northern states. There is no question that this organization has well prepared plans for controlling the legislative branch of the government at Washington, and of passing a national prohibitory law at some time in the future, but before it undertakes so gigantic an enterprise it is working to cripple the trade in every possible way, and—while we sleep—it is succeeding in the most substantial manner."

Railroads as Suppliants.

The press has perhaps over-emphasized the appeal of the railroad magnates to the President, but it is manifest there has been a change of front and neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Harriman will longer ignore the Interstate Commerce Commission or try to escape its inquiries. Considering the provocation the corporations have given it would not be surprising if the state legislatures should go to some extremes. Tyranny always provokes tyranny—who takes the sword may perish by it. Here again is the question of state and federal authority; it seems difficult to believe that a transcontinental railroad can be best regulated by state laws.

The State of Oklahoma.

The convention of delegates which has been at work through the winter drawing up a constitution for the new state of Oklahoma has completed its labors and will submit its work to the President. If he approves its provisions the people will vote on its acceptance as the law of the state. There were fifty-five delegates from Indian Territory, fifty-five from Oklahoma proper and two from the Osage Nation. The preamble invokes the aid of "Almighty God" and the rehearsal of individual rights conforms to usual custom. Most of the labor was employed in the effort to abolish trusts and monopolies and control railways. Prohibition, as a state law, will be submitted to the people separately from the constitution and a majority vote will carry. The direct primary was not made mandatory. The vote of the state will undoubtedly be Democratic.

Duty vs. Profit.

A curious illustration of the weakness of the conscience when the pocket will suffer is afforded by the Jerome bills before the New York legislature to abolish bookmaking on race tracks. Although the state constitution prohibits all forms of gambling, the present law provides that 5 per cent of gross receipts of all racing associations go to the state to be distributed as prizes at country fairs. Ergo: To stop gambling is to stop race tracks and take away prize money from the farmers. The only way to get the farmers to pass the law is to appropriate $210,000 from the state treasury for the country fairs. What is "the root of all evil"?

The Thaw Trial.

The dramatic appeal of Attorney Jerome "to the conscience" of Justice Fitzgerald secured the appointment of a lunacy commission to decide whether Thaw is now insane and incapable of advising his counsel. No decision has been rendered at this writing, but there are indications that the trial will go on.

A Bible Trust.

The latest "combination" in the mercantile world is an International Bible Trust, said to control the sale of the Scriptures, and of which the American Bible Society is the American branch. The time honored claim of this Bible society has been that it sold Bibles at cost. What this "trust" means seems to be disputed, but apparently the prices of Bibles have been increased and certainly the society is being very freely and generally condemned. It is disheartening to have religion commercialized, but it is a comfort to know that religion has a reputation for better things—usually is worthy of its profession.

Riots in Roumania.

From one end of Roumania to the other there has been an uprising which verges on civil war, directed not only against the Jews but also against all Christian land owners. A band of four thousand marched through the country last week, even threatening the capital city of Bucharest, and troops were hurriedly summoned to meet them. For a time the soldiers were almost overpowered by a mob armed with pitchforks and other rude weapons, but were finally mowed down by the artillery or turned to flight. The government has the situation in hand.

Epidemic of Suicide.

Suicide seems to be epidemic with no signs of abatement. Three people leaped to death in Niagara falls one day last week. A Chicago policeman killed his wife and himself, a young man blew his brains out because his sweetheart refused to leave the bedside of her sick mother to attend a dance with him. And so the record grows. It is easier to understand how one man, helpless from disease and a great trial to his loved wife, should refuse to compel her to work and slave for him longer, so he turned the gas on in his room; but when one has a measure of health and strength if not youth, why this rush into suicide? Is it partly because life is so much a mad rush for success and fame and too little a search for peaceful and unselfish ministry?

Chicago Election.

One of the remarkable political campaigns of Chicago has come to an end as these words are read. A man has been elected mayor who will neither hopelessly ruin nor greatly help this city. Vice and crime will certainly go on almost unchecked if not increased. The campaign was a wasteful and foolish battle of bosses and ward heelers, and neither all the good things promised by the party elected nor all the bad things prophesied by their opponents will come to pass. This is only a skirmish and the great battle is yet to be fought. This is the history of the election—written the day beforehand (as we go to press), but is it not true?

Great Railroad Strike Predicted.

Late last week it was freely predicted "the greatest railroad strike of modern times," involving forty railroad systems, 95,000 miles of track and 514,000 employes, was about to be called. It is an actual fact that members of the unions were ordered to be ready to quit work on Saturday and section bosses were ordered by railroads to prepare to get trains through. Just at this moment the federal government stepped in and the President sent Mr. A. Knapp, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, to Chicago to confer with the labor chiefs and railroad officials. As we go to press the matter is unsettled, but apparently a strike will be averted by the only possible means which could avail.

C. A. O.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss!
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes
Where the swift wings glance and the treetops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN "BOERLAND."—Two of Miss Hobhouse's interesting letters have come to hand since my last mention of her work in these columns. The following extracts will give an idea of the latest developments in her promising industrial enterprise. Under date of Jan. 13 she writes from Philippolis:

I came down here last week to meet Mr. Milroy, the expert weaver and dyer whom Margaret Clark engaged as a teacher to guide us through the labyrinth of our many difficulties. Here I found our faithful Hester Strauss with the house cleaned throughout and everything in readiness; she has undertaken to be housekeeper, as well as to continue her work of receiving, weighing, booking and paying for the yarn (no longer a light task with such a growing number of spinners).

Mr. Milroy arrived the following afternoon by mail cart, fresh and smiling, undismayed by the hot drive and having enjoyed his voyage all through. Since he is here, I have found out what luxury is and have revelled in it, viz., to sit in the shade and watch a man in shirt sleeves standing in the sun, doing the work over which you have toiled for two years. Delicious to see him with his fresh stock of European energy unabated, taking all the hardest part as a matter of course.

It has been such a relief to see how he took control of everything in the twinkling of an eye, and most soothing that he had no contempt for our productions, but such praise, side by side with the helpful criticisms born of a profound knowledge of his subject. In fact, he is much more lenient than myself towards work which I deemed unfit for sale. He, too, knows the difficulties. So far he considers our dyeing the worst department, and in that I agree with him, and he could not resist giving a preliminary dyeing lesson yesterday, to me, Hester and her brother. It was full of interest, but I did not find the color producer either clear or good, but then he was dyeing Angora for the first time and finds that he, too, will have something to learn in dealing with the materials, the water, etc.

The stacks of yarn kept for him filled him with admiration. Marion Rowntree has put it into cases with layers of naphthaline to fight moths and he passed the whole morning sorting the species.

It is awful to think he is only here for six months; every hour is precious and I feel, having once begun to lean on a man, it will be so impossible ever to do without one again, that I have decided to train one under him to carry on when he returns to Europe. I hope that *suffragettes* and others will not think me reactionary in this, but if so, let them remember they have not worked under the trying conditions of this country.

The youth selected is Philip Strauss, Hester's brother, and this explains his presence at the dyeing lesson. He is twenty years old, he left "commando" at sixteen and had fought very bravely for three years. There was nothing too hard for him to dare in war, and I hope he will show the same push and energy in our pioneer work. He will be bound by a contract to give a distinct period of teaching (say two years) after his training is over. Philip is a lad with a thoroughly good character, steady and reliable. Like all his family, he is full of interest in the industry and determined to throw his heart into the undertaking from a national as well as a personal point of view.

Pretoria and Boshof have begun spinning. Adriana de la Rey has started a school at Schweizer Reinecke; so has Miss Rood at Ermelo, and Johanna Bothma at Winburg.

There is much wailing at Philippolis at the loss of Marion Rowntree. *"Ons kan ni klaar kom ni sonder Miss Rowntree"* (We shall never see our way clear without Miss R.) cries old Mrs. Pourié, voicing the feelings of Waterkloof, and that is the universal sentiment.

On Feb. 3, Miss Hobhouse, back at Johannesburg, writes:

For a long time I have wanted to write about losses, failures, disappointments, worries of various kinds, as I think it is only just to place the gloomy side of the picture before my friends sometimes. Now and then I have perturbed moments, fearing I give too bright a description to them.

As I told you, I went down to Philip-

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polis early in January to welcome and settle Mr. Milroy; I soon found out he is particularly interested in dyeing, I think even more than in weaving. His first essays, however, were not successful; he brought out blotchy skeins and mustard or brown where orange and red should have resulted. It has taught him that in South Africa things always turn out contrary to expectations. But he was good humored over it and succeeded in producing some beautiful ranges of colors in the second week. He affirms that his colors are absolutely fast, but I wait to see the effect of South African sun on them and of the Johannesburg red dust. Wools dyed by our best firms in England have faded here almost white.

On my arrival at Philippolis, I found a cupboard full of woven cloths supposed to be ready for sale, but still smelling of the natural grease and harsh with sand. We had to scold our girls; then we turned the whole lot of stuff into the yard, and made all the pupils come and sit in a row while Mr. Milroy demonstrated. He trod out the cloth in several baths; then they saw what came out of their supposedly salable rugs and cloths. We spread them on a table and the girls carded them all over again till they were really nice. In defense of our children, I must say that water is a fearful difficulty in Philippolis—all the dams having been broken during the war and only one built since.

After that, our expert Milroy began making warps, fixing up all the looms and experimenting with the various yarns and colors to see what stuffs can best be made. Our Angora white cloth he *bona fide* admires; it is unique, never made before or elsewhere, and is our very own invention. But we are desirous of developing some tweed for suits and skirts which shall have its own stamp and character; thus he is trying to mix Angora threads in the warp with ordinary wool, but I fear washing will destroy this material, as wool and Angora shrink in different proportions. Still on the looms the mixture looks very nice.

Meantime I have decided that every weaver in the school shall this winter wear a cape and skirt of her own making; in this way I want to start the fashion of making their own clothes. One girl was wearing a pink cotton blouse which she had made herself and was proud of.

Unfortunately, Philippolis rent has gone up this year from £36 to £60 ($180 to $300), owing to the death of Mr. Liefman, who made such a reduction for us. It is all the more sad for us, because I ought to hire an empty cottage across the road to accommodate more pupils, but I cannot possibly afford it.

When I left Philippolis, I spent a night at "Onze Rust" (our rest—President Steyn's farm) to pour out all my perplexities to my dear friends. The President is always a calming and encouraging influence. Yours very sincerely, EMILY HOBHOUSE.

Since I began these "notes" another welcome dollar has dropped in quite unexpectedly, from the art teacher in Northwest Division High School, to whom an account of this industrial work particularly appealed. This makes $4 received since the money order was sent at New Year. Where are the friends, known or unknown, who will bring our little fund up to five dollars, or some multiple thereof, for an Easter offering?

M. E. H.

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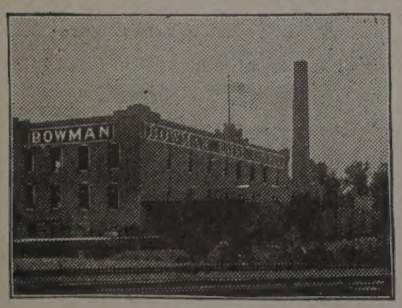

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